

POETRY.

For the Free Press.

FANNIE.

Let eastern poets praise the fame
(Of Peri, and of Ruff,
In music, in number, verse, to name,
The girl I love myself.

Unhappy, she of heavenly birth,
No titled maid of rank,
A plain and modest child of earth
In simple Fannie—

I tell I loved her, so I do,
I am ashamed to own;
I tell I sure she loves me too,
I hear it in her tone.

Her home, a cot of small pretense,
Is hallowed in evergreen;
Through openings in the branches dense,
Her window may be seen.

And from this window, when 'tis fair,
There is a splendid view,
And those that dwell all day in that
Is large enough for two.

I spent an evening near and then,
On course her guest,
The old folks go to bed at ten,
And I—lovers know the rest.

I've told her a little more,
A cottage, 'neath the hill,
A whisper, "yes I will,"
She answered, "yes I will."

A sweetheart from the autumn time,
If thought of all little,
I know you guess it by the rhyme,
I'll be my happy bride.

Some cracking bamboo will say
"Perhaps you won't agree,"
True, but should you come our way,
Why, please drop in, and see.

MISCELLANY.

BAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY DR. JOHN BOWEN.

That and thirty boys Bob Anselm
were coming up Infirmary street from the
school, our heads together and our arms
interlocked, as only lovers or boys know.

When we got to the top of the street and
around north, we espied a crowd at the
corner. A dog fight! Shouted Bob, and
we were off. The boys were fighting, and
it might not be over before we
got up, and is not this boy nature? and
human nature too? and don't we all wish
a nature on fire not to be before we see it?

Yes, I said, and I saw the boys fighting, and
it might not be over before we
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more than any of us had bargained for. I
turned the little fellow over, and saw he
was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him
by the small of the back like a rat, and broken
it.

He looked down at his victim, appalled,
ashamed and amazed; he snuffed him, and
stared at him, and taking a sudden thought
turned round and trotted off. Bob took the
dead dog up and said, "John, we'll bury him
at the corner of the street."

He made up the dog to the corner at
a rapid swing; he had forgotten some en-
gagement. He turned up the candlemaker
row, and stopped before the house of the
man who was a carrier, and came ready to start,
and a keen, thin, impatient, black-eyed
little man, his hand for his horse's head,
looking angrily at his gray horse, "Rab,"
said, "What's the matter?"

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James, giving way. And then she roared
back at him. On the paper was the words,
"An operation to-day." J. B. CLARK.

"Up ran the youths, eager to secure good
places. In the crowd, full of interest
and talk. 'What's the case?' 'Which
side is it?'"

"Don't think them heartless; they are not
better nor worse than you or I; they have
got over their professional horrors and in
their proper work; and in their pity—as an
emotion ending in itself, or at best in tears
and long drawn breath, lessons, with pity
as a motive, is quickened, and gains power
and purpose. It is well for human nature
that it is so."

The operating theater is crowded; much
talk and fun, and the cordiality and stir
of youth. The surgeon, with his staff of as-
sistants is there. In comes Alice; one look
at her quizzical and aloof the eager students.
That beautiful old woman is too much for
them; they sit down and are dumb, and
gaze at her. These rough looking boys feel
the power of her presence. She walks in
quickly, but without haste; dressed in her
muted, her neckerchief, her white kimono
and her long hair, she looks so gentle and
showing her white worsted stockings, and
her carpet shoes. Behind her was James,
with Rab, James sat down in the distance.

"Rab, I never knowed you so quiet," said
James, looking at him. "You're a different
man from the one I know." Rab looked
perplexed and dangerous; forever seeking
his ear and dropping it at last.

Altogether up on a seat, and laid her
head on the table, and her friend the surgeon
told her, arranged her eyes, gave a rapid look
at James, shut her eyes, rested her head on
me, and took my hand. The operation was
at once begun. It was necessarily slow, and
the students, with their eyes on the patient,
suffering children—was then unknown. The
surgeon did his work. The pale face showed
his pain, but was still and silent. Rab's
eyes were fixed on him, and he saw that
something was going on—blood flowing from
his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged
ear was up, and important; he growled
and gave now and then a sharp impatient
snarl. He never moved his head, and he
saw something to them. Rab James had him,
and gave him a glower from time to time,
and an intimation of a possible kick: all the
better for James, it kept his eye and his
mind off the table.

It is over; she is dressed, steps gently and
decently down from the table and looks for
James; then turning to the surgeon and
students, she said, "What's the matter?"

"The students—all of us—were all right,"
said the surgeon, wrapping up carefully
child, resting on James and me. Alice
walked out, and Rab followed her. He
herb to her. James took his boy's shoes,
climbed with takers, bed-capt and taker,
and put them carefully under the table.

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